

The Fairfield Herald.

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THE
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I Ask No More.
I have not wealth, no lands are mine,
I own no houses, broad and high,
I have no costly gowns to shine,
No robes of rich and varied dye;
No regal coach, or dappled grays;
No drag my through the crowded streets;
No titled lords to kiss my praise,
And bow in homage at my feet.
No servants to obey my will,
No slaves to wait at my command;
No golden cup with wine to fill,
No jewels on my soft, white hand;
No sumptuous couch, with costly lace,
And softly spread with snowy white,
To rest at night my form upon,
When wrapp'd in tranquil slumber light.
No, I have none, not one of these;
My home is but a rustic cot;
I've no fastidious friend to please,
And mine's a very happy lot.
For I am loved by one true heart,
And as the hours and days glide o'er,
I see no golden dreams depart—
Oh, I am loved! I ask no more!

[From the Mobile Tribune.
Astounding Discovery.
A RACK OF SENTIENT BEINGS INVISIBLE TO THE NAKED EYE, DISCOVERED WITH THE MICROSCOPE.

We accepted an invitation yesterday to examine the most wonderful and awful discovery ever made by man, a community of microscopic human beings!

The gentleman who made the discovery is a well-known citizen of Mobile, whose name we are not at liberty to reveal, but whom for the sake of convenience, we shall call Mr. A. When the more powerful microscope ordered by that gentleman arrived and the expected results are obtained by observation with it, we shall lay the facts before our readers.
The extent of Mr. A's discovery may be summed up as follows: A race of sentient beings, invisible to the naked eye, in shape perfect men and women, apparently with all the passions, hopes and fears that away the larger species. They are considerably advanced in civilization for they dwell in densely populated cities, a state of society in which the science of government and many of the arts that contribute to the comfort and embellishments of life must necessarily have been developed.
The use of a more powerful microscope will lead to the verification of such an hypothesis, or prove its fallacy.

As the matter stands all who are interested in the progress of science, and in the spread of Christianity, will feel the deepest solicitude concerning the possibility of communicating with these newly discovered sentient beings in the microscopic world.
How is that to be accomplished? Their voices cannot reach our ears, and to them our voices must be what the music of the spheres is to us. Worlds go whirling through space with a clatter that fills the universe and becomes to mundane ears the equivalent of silence. Such must be the hum of the visible terrestrial creation to the microscopic.
Whether the existence of sentient beings in the microscopic world was ever before suspected we are not prepared to say, but had such a theory been advanced before the discovery we have recorded, it would not have been becoming in a philosopher to reject it without due consideration.
The magnitude of matter, so far as it comes within the comprehension of a finite mind, exists only relatively.
To an inhabitant of the sun, surpassing the visible man in magnitude in the same proportion that the sun surpasses the earth, the rulers of the earth become reduced to microscopic beings.

ABSCONDING OF AN ASSOCIATED PRESS AGENT.—The Augusta Chronicle and Sentinel, of yesterday, says:—"We learn that Thomas Gibbs, for several years a resident of Augusta, but residing for the last two years in Savannah, where he has been employed as an Agent of the New York Associated Press and of the Commercial News Department of the Western Union Telegraph Company, absconded last week from that city—a defaulter to the amount of several thousand dollars. Of this amount several hundred dollars were in gold, the proceeds of messages sent across the Atlantic cable. Up to the time of his departure Gibbs had borne a very good character, and it is impossible to conjecture what caused the defection. It is believed that he took passage from Savannah to Europe."

ANOTHER OLD CITIZEN GONE.—Mr. Joshua A. Spear, died on Monday last, at the age of about 70 years. He was a native of this District, and had passed most of his life in this immediate vicinity. Having lived the allotted time of man, he has left us for the unknown future, thus severing another link connecting the present and rising generations with the past—and fast being forgotten.—Sumter News.

It is impossible with the microscope in Mr. A's possession to tell out of what material the houses are built—whether they are earth, or wood, or of both combined.

The streets appear under the microscope to be about a quarter of an inch in width, and are thronged with people hurrying to and fro, whether in the pursuit of commerce or account of the late shocks their city experienced during its transfer from the root of the tree to the flower pot, cannot, of course, be ascertained.

But there they were—men and women magnified to the size of pismires, and displaying all the signs of tumultuous human life!

While we were watching the ever changing crowd we saw one person rush out of a house and another pursue him.
The pursuer was soon joined by the crowd in the street, and after an exciting chase of about the twentieth part of an inch, measured by the naked eye, the thief, for such the first mentioned individual must have been, surrendered himself, evidently exhausted by his long race.

He was taken away by persons seeming to have authority. What the stolen property was that he held in his hand to the last, the microscope was not powerful enough to determine. During the pursuit of the thief the people showed every symptom of excitement common among the larger species of human beings. They clapped their hands, thrust their neighbors rudely aside, and showed by their gesticulations, the deepest interest in what was going on, and curiosity concerning it. Their shouts and screams on the occasion were doubtless deafening to one another, but of course they could not be heard by us.

Want of space compels us to bring this subject to a close for the present, although we have recorded but a small fraction of the interesting incidents that came under our own observation, and the more numerous ones that were observed from time to time by Mr. A. When the more powerful microscope ordered by that gentleman arrives and the expected results are obtained by observation with it, we shall lay the facts before our readers.

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White House Intrigues.
A VENERABLE FARMER'S YOUTHFUL FLIRTATION AND THE CONSEQUENCES—KARLY LOVE REWARDED WITH A FAT OFFICE, &c.

Donn Platt writes from New York to the Cincinnati Commercial as follows:

It is really refreshing in this day of fierce competition for office, when the struggling thousands remorselessly trample each other down, to meet with one kind, impulsive nature, full of milk as an Alderney cow, and impulsive as a boy. Such a nature is the venerable Jesse, "the flower"—I beg pardon, the father—of our beloved and cherished chief magistrate. This good old man has seen years of troubled life, and although winters of many years have silvered his venerable head, his heart is as youthful and fresh as in his early spring-time, when he was a beau among the girls and an athlete among the men.

I have just heard an instance of this from the Professor, who is here studying music at the Fifth Avenue Opera House, and perfecting his French accent by listening to the sweet voices of Tosse and Irma. The instance renews my admiration of the venerable Mr. Grant. He is such a dear old gentleman. It seems that during the summer that preceded the Presidential election, the old gentleman revisited some scenes of his youth that exist about Ravens, Portage County Ohio. When he was a sportive young man, he loved and courted a fascinating girl. But, alas and alack! the course of true love never runs smooth. In fact, it runs over a dam, or several dams, and falling on the rocks below, splits all to pieces. To come down from any symbolical comparisons, the gay young Jesse, the flower, &c., was jilted.

He returned to find his former love an aged widow, with a family of children, one of these a girl—no, not exactly a girl, but a young widow, looking much like her fascinating mother at the same age.

Is not this beautiful? Does it not read like a fairy tale? What a charming thing Offenbach could make of it. He would shift the scene to a later day, after the 4th of March, indeed, so as to bring in the Presidential mansion, with the old lady, light complexion of the curio basket and guardian of the boot-jack, and the smoking President. And the two would sing a comic song, with a lively chorus from the office-seekers, and then all would break into the can-can. But I digress.

The old gentleman saw his former love, and to conceal his tumultuous feelings, jested with her:
"Ain't you sorry," he said, "that you refused me; you might be now the mother of the General, and may be the President?"

The old lady laughed, and merrily assented.
"Never mind," the old man cried, "I will take the same care of you as if you were my wife. Who is your Congressman?"

"General Garfield,"
"Ah! that Rosecrans' feller. Well, I'll take the patronage of this district into my own hands. I'll make your daughter postmistress of this town."

The good people took this as a merry jest from the kind-hearted old man, and thought no more of it. The election came off, and after the inauguration the citizens moved to turn out the Johnson postmaster and put in a good Republican. The election was held, and the victorious candidate sent on his credentials to Gen. Garfield. That excellent gentleman proposed to file the same, with an earnest recommendation. Before this could be written, he read, with blank amazement, in the Chronicle, that the name of Mrs. — had been sent in by the President. To catch a hack and hurry up to the White House was the work of a few minutes. Gen. Garfield stands very high in the estimation of the administration, and he was at once admitted.

"I came to inquire, Mr. President, upon whose recommendation you sent Mrs. — as Postmistress at Ravens—"

"Upon the recommendation of my father," responded the President. "He knows the family very well."

"Does he know that this young woman is not only unqualified—that she is entirely incapable, through lack of education, to carry on the office—but there is great indignation in Ravens over her appointment?"

"I can't say indeed," responded the President, "but I certainly don't wish to appoint such a person to office."

"Will you recall the nomination, then, Mr. President, and permit me to leave with you the papers of the successful candidate?"

"If you will have the confirmation delayed for a while, I will send in the name of the gentleman you recommended."

Gen. Garfield hastened to the Senate, saw the committee, and had the young widow superseded. But the venerable Jesse heard of this interference of the "Rosecrans man" in his bit of tender soliloquy, and intervened. Not at all staggered by the fact that the daughter of his love could not read writing, he once made arrangements with the defeated candidate in the election to go into the office and do the duties thereof, at a reasonable compensation, while the fair widow enjoys the profits. With this understanding the daughter of his old love was confirmed.

Could anything be more tender, touching and beautiful than this? The venerable Jesse is an oasis in a desert. He is the greenest thing to be found in the dry waters of politics. Let us be thankful, however, that he was not a Don Juan, and had few loves. D. P.

Confederate Deal Unearthed—Twenty Acres of Human Bones.

The Richmond Dispatch says:—"While our ladies are mounding and decorating the graves in Oakwood, and while the massive stone monument to the memory of those who lie in Holly-wood is gradually approaching completion, it is distressing to learn of the neglect of the bones of those who are buried where they fell—on the hillsides and in the valleys in other parts of the State. The reports that reach us of the sacrilegious conduct of many Virginia farmers are so shocking that we hesitate to give them credence, although our duty as journalists requires us to lay them before our readers. A few weeks ago we published an account of the state of affairs at Port Harrison, which subsequent investigation proved too true. Now comes a most harrowing story from Malvern Hill, where so many of our best and bravest with their last drops of blood sealed their devotion to the South. On the Northwest side of the fort a most terrible scene presents itself. Thousands of Confederate soldiers have been buried where they fell, twenty acres or more have just been plowed up by the owner of the field, and the ploughshare turned to the surface all the skeletons. Over the whole tract the bones are strewn in profusion, and grinning skulls stare the visitors in the face on every hand. When the farmer was questioned he said the land was now the richest he had, and, in justification of the sacrilegious act, stated that 'he didn't put 'em there, nohow.' The writer learned afterward that the bones had been taken away by the cart load and sold to fertilizing mills in Richmond. Two humane men, too poor to do anything else, came one day while we were there and attempted to burn some of the bones to prevent the wretches from carting them off."

Recalling the events that have transpired at the capital since the grand ceremony of the inauguration, it is impossible to refer to a single official act of the President that has received the warm, emphatic, unanimous endorsement of the men of either body of Congress; while, on the other hand, it is equally difficult to discover that any act of Congress has excited feelings of ordinary gratification in the mind of the Executive.

Trace, for example, the extraordinary course of Congress upon the Tenure of Office bill; note with what alacrity it was repealed by the House and the protracted tenacity with which it was adhered to in the Senate; the care with which Senators attested their confidence in the President and their inconsistent refusal to confide to him the power that had always been enjoyed, with a single exception, by his predecessors; the persistence of the Senate in adhering to a modified form of restriction and the yielding of the House against its first unanimous decision. Follow these facts back to the starting point, and we find the germ of present distrust and future dissensions.

Congress demonstrated its want of confidence in the President by a refusal to repeal a law passed for the ostensible purpose of preventing corruption and to meet a temporary emergency. The President declined to consult Congress in the choice of his Cabinet and other important officials. Each has chosen its own course and kept it.

It is stated that Sir Henry Bulwer will soon speak in Parliament upon the subject of the Alabama treaty. He understands the condition and tendencies of American politics, having been Minister here and a practical observer of the working of our institutions. His own views in regard to our aggressive temper and policy are not dissimilar to those of Mr. Rosecrans, at the commencement of our civil or sectional strife. Sir Henry Bulwer made public his earnest desire and hope that, for the sake of the peace of the world, the Government of the Union would be broken up, and the country divided into separate dominions. He believed, as Mr. Rosecrans would become formidable and troublesome to all European Powers—an obstacle to peace, and an opprobrium to Christendom. He has never signified any change in his views, and his promised speech will be awaited with interest.—Cor. Charleston Courier.

R. L. Tabor, the organist of Williams College, Mass., has perfected an invention which, attached to a piano, is designed to print music as fast as it is played. He contemplates modifying the mechanism, so that it may be applied with equal facility to the organ.

Maybe always feared that his family would come to want, and he left a number of compositions, which his executors are requested not to open unless their publication is necessary to the support of his heirs.

Battle in Jefferson, La., Between the Police and the Citizens.

NEW ORLEANS, May 19.—Until last night the adjoining city of Jefferson, though included in the Metropolitan Police district, has refused to accept the Metropolitan force, offering armed resistance to every effort made by them to exercise their functions, and in the meantime hugging the matter in the courts.

Last night the Metropolitan Police of this city numbered to the number of three hundred, under a captain detailed to take charge of the Jefferson precinct, and about midnight made a movement on the municipal buildings of Jefferson, which were filled with armed citizens. A small battle ensued, twelve or fourteen of the Metropolitan being wounded—two, it is thought, dangerously. The police then retired.

Gov. Warmouth called upon Gen. Mower for troops, one company of which were furnished this morning and marched quickly to the municipal buildings, meeting with no opposition, and installed the Metropolitan Police. The citizens of Jefferson were considerably excited but made no demonstration against the troops, though they were only one-fourth as strong as the body of police that had been driven off. The troops are still on the ground. None of the citizens are believed to have been hurt, being protected by the market-houses and police buildings.

SECOND DISPATCH.

NEW ORLEANS, May 19.—The Jefferson authorities, in resisting the Metropolitan Police, were entirely wrong, in view of the fact that the Supreme court had decided that the Metropolitan organization was legal. It is stated, however, that the Metropolitan commenced firing on the Jeffersonians last night without stating their business or who they were.

It appears, from all accounts, that the number of Jeffersonians engaged in the fight was only eight or ten. A large number of citizens, however, were assembled this morning, but on learning of the approach of the military dispersed.

Accompanying the infantry were two howitzers, all under the command of General Mower in person, accompanied by Governor Warmouth and Police Superintendent Cain.

After the Metropolitan obtained possession they proceeded to revenge their defeat of last night upon the unoffending bystanders, a number of whom were badly beaten with police clubs, and citizens were indiscriminately arrested. An old gray-haired spectator, and a butcher standing quietly at his stall, were among those beaten. The violence of the Metropolitan was entirely unprovoked, and was directed against unsuspecting and unarmed bystanders, the municipal officers having disappeared.

Considerable excitement still exists in Jefferson, and one company of troops remain there.

A GENEROUS DEED FULLY APPRECIATED.—The Honorable Theophilus Lisle Dickey, Assistant Attorney-General of the United States, while engaged in conversation yesterday with Congressman Charles E. Eldridge of Wisconsin, in front of the Metropolitan Hotel, was approached by a female, who, placing her hand upon the gentleman's shoulder, demanded five cents as a gift of charity, by which she could reach her home at Alexandria. The Hon. Mr. Dickey at once responded, with the remark that the applicant had exactly measured his ability. He gave her all he had—five cents. Holding the metallic specimen in the palm of her hand, and with a look from her Madonna-like eyes that indicated an abiding faith in her expression, she remarked, "Sir, you must be a rebel." "Why?" exclaimed the astonished benefactor. "Because, sir, others are not governed by such generous impulses," was the quick reply, and in an instant the woman, the lady of perception and no doubt the lady of other more prosperous days, was lost to sight. All who witnessed the scene were deeply impressed, and Eldridge, with his natural love for devotion to the right failed not to convey a moral from the circumstances.—N. Y. Herald.

Speaking of the "Gold for Cotton" movement, the New York Times says: "The cotton crop of the present year, if sold for specie, at present prices, would realize to the Southern planters between three and four hundred millions of dollars in gold; and though it is against the interest of England and other cotton-purchasing countries to pay for it in coin, it is undoubtedly for the interest of the South to sell for coin as far as possible. There are obstacles to the success of the South, which we do not see any prospect of being surmounted; but we shall be glad to see the planters, factors and shippers make the attempt and achieve whatever success is practicable."

SIGNIFICANT.—The Nashville Banner hears of a county superintendent who has received over five thousand dollars and established two schools—and a large country dry goods store. Schoolmasters are probably abroad in that part of Tennessee.

Courting after marriage—Applying for a divorce.

Whither are We Drifting.

Every day, and every week, and every month, and every year which marks the dial with the flight of time, but contribute to indicate omens more impressive, and events more convincing that the American Republic is developing itself into a grand, a gorgeous, a sublime, yet a sad and deplorable failure. Grand in its magnitude, gorgeous in its prowess and promise among nations of the earth, sublime in its incipient history, and sad and deplorable in its downfall because of what it was, and what it might have been. Victimized by demagoguism, the government which was intended as a shield and a blessing to the governed, is reduced to the pitiable spectacle of being merely held together as birds of prey hold the carcass which lies in their centre and satiates their sordid hunger.

What could be more pitiable to the statesman of any age, from the creation to the annihilation of this writing than the aspect of the American Republic even within the last decade of its history? Torn and Sacked by sectional strife. Deeply dyed in all the horrors of civil war, she comes before the world covered with the dust and disgust of domestic conflict. Her own hands and her own garments crimson with the reeking blood of her own offspring—the children of her own founders, and with all their blood upon her hands, still holding the chains which manacle ten of her own household, she lifts her maddened voice, and like the praying out-throat in the Opera of Diavolo mutters her maddened prayer—"the best government the world ever saw." What a caricature! What a pitiable spectacle in the eyes of both God and man! And yet such is but a true picture of the spectacle we present as a government before God, man and the world to-day.

And emerging from all this shame, as to time, nothing more, for eternity and oceans could never wash away the guilt nor the deed, but peering her bloodshot eyes above all this, we behold her laying aside her statesman, but calls to her chief poet of honor a military booby, who happened to be in command of her forces in the field when her weaker children fell fainting at her feet after four years of struggle, to keep her in the path of duty, or permit them to pursue it alone. She calls this fortunate military chief to her first post of civic trust, to succeed her Washingtons, her Jeffersons, her Madisons, and Monroes which he's no more capacitated to do than is a speechless jackal to supplant the Holy Father at Rome. But he holds the popular ear, and he is sufficient for the purposes of party—party rules the rotten country—party is power—so is money—the country can be made to produce money by being well fed on laboring tax-payers it is controlled for the money it can be made to produce the adherents of party, and any man or monkey who can loop the public button hole will do for President, so he answers party purposes by possessing the essential of popular favor, no matter how that favor is founded, if the individual can be elected; any sort of qualification is a matter of the smallest consideration, and thus it is that the people of the United States see every day more and more how totally unfit for the position he occupies, is the man chosen to rule over them, and how very much sooner such a choice must hasten the coming of the speedy downfall which surely awaits us.

Grant's every official act tends but to strengthen the estimate which the reflecting men of this Continent have previously placed upon him. His appointments to office, his official papers, his published conversations and opinions, doings and sayings, but tend to convince even his own party of his utter unfitness for the place to which he has been elevated, and already the hand-writing on the wall proclaims him "weighed and found wanting," to an extent which by comparison, would have made the Babylonian king a paragon of success even in the greatness of his failure.

Already Imperialism is advocated in the metropolis of his domain with a plausibility and promise which would make a pure Republican blush for his country, if he had a country worth the semblance of a blush. As it is, we of the South, with the heel of the carpet-bagger and of the negro steadily pressing our vitals, can but patiently wait and look to the coming of that day, which, if it brings not deliverance, thank God, can bring us no fortune much worse than that we are already cruelly made to bear.

[Mobile Tribune.

MISCEGENATION AND POLITICS.—By the suicide of a radical politician and correspondent of Atlanta we get a glimpse of the true character of the material with which the radical game of reconstruction is played, and we find the atmosphere from which come the views of the social condition of the South taken by the radical press. Miscegenation is the least of the offenses that appear.—N. Y. Herald.

Courting after marriage—Applying for a divorce.

Northern Prejudice Against Color.

Some time ago a pious negro philanthropist contributor to the New York Times inveighed against the citizens of that place for their want of charity towards negroes. He described their sufferings and sorrows, how many were driven off to themselves in squalid and unhealthy quarters; how they were denied work in shops with whites; how they were denied equality in churches, and even in public houses, restaurants, and ice-cream saloons. Against this "prejudice against color" the writer inveighed bitterly—to this he attributed the failure of the negro in the great Gotham. That he was equal in capacity to the white man, this writer earnestly contended; but he could not overcome the tide of prejudice and contempt of the whites, which was fearfully taking him down the stream to a sad fate.

The Tribune of Saturday brings us another wall over this "prejudice," so-called. It appears that a colored man from Canada brought a letter of introduction to Mr. Greeley, and that gentleman sent to inquire of one A. M. Powell where the colored man aforesaid could get "hotel entertainment." Powell just then was looking out for "respectable" lodging for a Massachusetts lady of wealth, intelligence, and culture, and her son, a gentlemanly young man of liberal European education, both alightly, colored." He wrote to the principal hotels, asking could these persons "be provided with good rooms, be received at the public table, and have the same attention as other guests?"

Powell—it is not stated whether he is black or white—received answers, and for the information of the Tribune readers he gives the purport of these answers thus:
St. Nicholas.—"Never had such an application before. The parties had better make a personal application."
Metropolitan.—"Very sorry, but could not possibly do so. Would lose all our guests, most likely, if we did."

Astor House.—"Impossible."
Fifth Avenue.—"Will give an answer another time."
Hoffman House.—"Will send an answer."

Everett House.—"Proprietor in Massachusetts. Will send an answer when he returns, on Saturday."
St. James.—"Sent letter declining."
Bevoort House.—"Sent letter declining."

Westminster.—"Not possible. Would have every guest leave if we did."
Clarendon.—"Impossible to make any promises as we are very full about that time. Besides, our guests are generally such as stay with us some time every year, and not like at other hotels, come and go irregularly."

There is a great deal of cunning and dodging in most of these letters; but it will be observed that in no single instance is any concession made to color, notwithstanding that it presents itself in this case in the fascinating garb of "wealth, intelligence, and culture," accompanied by the evident apology of being "only slightly colored." There could not be a case less objectionable on account of color where the slightest trace remained, and one where the sin of color was atoned for by graces more commendable! Yet not a door was opened to the applicants. They were shut out from all "respectable" lodgings!
[Richmond Dispatch.

A FOREIGNER'S ACCOUNT OF AN ELECTION IN SOUTH CAROLINA.—The Washington correspondent of the Baltimore Gazette, writing to that journal under date of the 14th instant, says:

I met to-day, at Willard's two Nova Scotians, who have been spending the Winter at Aiken, South Carolina, which is becoming quite a resort for persons afflicted with pulmonary diseases. They came North, via Richmond, and report the crops generally along the route as in a flourishing condition. They were full of sympathy for the Southern people, whose unhappy condition strikes them the more forcibly from the freedom they enjoy at home under the British flag. They spoke of an election they witnessed, where day after day the Conservatives had a majority, and the polls were kept open for three days, until the negroes could be brought from the country around for a distance of twenty miles to obtain a Radical majority. What is the use of suffrage to the Southern people, they asked, if elections are to be conducted in this way?

DEATH OF AN EMINENT CATHOLIC PRIEST.—The Very Rev. J. M. Lancaster, the administrator of the diocese of Covington, Kentucky, died in that city on the 31st instant, after a lingering illness. He was a fellow student of Archbishop Spalding, of Baltimore, in the College of the Propaganda; and for thirty-five years has been a zealous missionary in Kentucky.

ANOTHER WASHBURN IN THE FIELD.—The name of Peter T. Washburn is proposed as a candidate for Governor of Vermont. What an formidable family those Washburns are!

Reports from town say that the wheat crop never looked so well as now. Corn planting has been general.